



Claims Conference Holocaust Survivor Memoir Collection

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Scottsdale, March 15, 1988

Children Of A Tragic Game.

She spoke to me in a distant voice,
Concealing in her outward poise
Sad memories etched upon
Her mind, casting a dark, lone
Shadow of her troubled past,
Dwelling in her feeble chest.

"If my heart could but endure
Time's professed long soothing cure,
But for some unknown purport
Destiny has sworn to sport
In a melancholy way,
With my pining heart's dismay.

"I had a home once far away,
But Fate forbid me there to stay.
She threw my lot and let remain
With creatures I have deemed insane.
And never since have I regained
My carefree spirit they disdained.

"I travelled from the dark of night
Until the early morning light.
The nights-a sorrowful, sad cruise,
And days-the memory's worst truth.
I journeyed through the clouds of Time,
His virtues dead-no vice a crime.

"I saw upon the Earth's plains
A gory sight of bloody stains.
In place of grass the stalks of life
Cut down by hangman's keenest knife.
The rivers carry from the leas
All bitter tears to distant seas.

"Only the weeping willows, in time,
Have shaded the preposterous crime-
Pressing heavily on the sores,
Deep into decaying mores
Of a world that has allowed
With deathly veils its men to shroud.

"Revenge is not what dwells inside
My oppressed heart, but lack of pride
The world has shown in fellow man,
And still persists now, as it did then,
With a perverted sense of truth,
To scour our souls with rude abuse.

"I try to steal through a maze of thoughts
To find the long abandoned roads,
Where cast off love & deep compassion
Were lost to man's relentless passion.
If I shall find it, I'll bequeath
Upon the future, the long sought peace"

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She knew not why she did confess
To me, a stranger, her distress.
No stranger was I, I explained,
For Fate has kept my life detained
And held my youth like hers in claim,
Branding us: 'Children of a tragic game'.

Scottsdale, October 13, 1987

The Clouds of Freedom

Those frightful years, how far away,
But yet they linger on today.
The torment of a broken youth,
The crumbling of a jolted truth;
The long dead ideologies
Like lofty words of eulogies,
The rupture of a peaceful world
Into a violent, eddying swirl,
The long lost voices, their dull refrain,
Still echo and decline to wane.

And when I look upon the sky
And whispering winds my tears blow dry,
I wonder if the branded sign
Upon my brow has ceased to shine.
The painful sign of infamy,
The fainting cry of destiny.
The sign of hate for many an age
Of blind injustice in a rage.
The suffering of constricted souls
For ruthless man's insidious goals.

How many times have I defied
The mighty Death and have denied
The prowling eyes of dreadful Fate,
To court me at a final date.
And when the last pervasive cry
Has faintly died in the sky,
I didn't hear the reveling bells
Of freedom in the air swell.
For as my heart grew too cold to care,
No dreams were left for me to share.

My world sunk, fallen to the grave,
While bent low as oppressor's slave.
The bloodstained image of mankind,
Played tricks upon my eyes and mind.
The azure skies seemed threatening dark,
The stars devoid of shine and spark,
The sun rays could not penetrate
My heart so cold and desolate.
The simple mind of innocence,
Imprisoned in a frightful trance.

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No road to trod for me was left,
Of all I've loved my heart bereft.
No guiding line to lead my way,
No place to go, no place to stay.
And yon way down the blue horizon
Stood walled, encircled like a prison -
A prison of a tortured mind,
Which could no peace and no hope find;
Accustomed to the eerie sights,
Bewildered by the freedom lights.

I prayed the stars would be my guide.
I prayed the wind or ocean tide,
Would carry my deserted soul
Back from the abysmal fall.
Though freed from devil's paradise,
Yet still in danger of demise
From forces living deep inside
My being, ready to collide
And tear apart the fiber strings,
Ere freedom hope to my soul brings.

How lucky is the fate of one,
Who's web of life was never spun
By devil's sly, insidious ways,
Traumatic nights and hellish days.
Who's eyes have never looked upon
A praying heart turned into stone,
When feverishly searching skies
For solace to despondent cries.
His trembling body's last defense
Abandoned to life's false pretense.

O yes, those years are long, long gone,
And I no longer trail alone.
I stand in life's serenest age,
In calmest Autumn's golden page.
And though the sign upon my brow
Has paled in soothing sunshine's glow,
My wounded heart cannot erase
The memory's remaining trace.
It cannot stop the dull refrain
Of voices lost to human bane.

